

For the Children

NANNIE'S GRIEVANCE.

By Daisy Wright Field.

Now, there's a question that I wish
You'd answer if you will—
I've puzzled over it a lot,
And it's a puzzle still!

Why is it, when a great, rough boy
Does what he oughtn't to,
They only say, "Boys will be boys?"
I want to know, I do.

But when a little girl like me,
However she may try,
Forgets and does a naughty thing,
"Girls must be ladies!" Why?

Now, grown-ups, 'twould be worth a lot,—
We'd 'preciate it so,—
If you would say, once in a while,
"Girls will be girls, you know!"

THE STAR GAME.

By K. B. Walker.

"We came to the country to live out of doors, and it has rained two days!" said Grace.

And then all the children broke out together: "What can we do?"

Mamma put down her book and smiled. "Why not make up a game?"

"You make it up and we'll play it," said Mary sagely.

Mamma looked thoughtfully at the five yellow heads clustered around her chair. "I have it, chicks!" she cried. "We'll play the star game."

"What is it?" cried the five.

"You shall see. Bess, bring me my scissors and that large sheet of gold paper in my top bureau drawer. Mary, ask Bridget for a candle and candlestick. Grace, make a tiny bit of flour paste."

Away they all flew except Dotty and Daisy, who jumped up and down, crying: "Are you going to leave us out 'cause we're young?"

"You're to be the best part of the star game," said mamma.

Bess brought the scissors and gold paper, and the little girls watched mamma curiously while she cut out a sun with rays, two stars, and a crescent moon.

Then Grace brought the paste, and the fun began.

On Bessie's white forehead mamma pasted the sun, on Grace's the moon, on Dotty's and Daisy's a wonderful star.

"I can't imagine this game," said Grace. But mamma only laughed.

Then came Mary with the candle, and in a moment was told to light it. By this time five little girls were much excited.

"Now, Bessie stands in the center of the room, holding the lighted candle; Mary stands at a little distance from Bessie."

"And what shall we do?" begged Dotty and Daisy.

"You may stand in this corner, dears, until I tell you to come out; and Grace may stand in the opposite corner. Now we're ready to begin. Bessie is the sun, Mary is the earth, Grace the moon, Dotty and Daisy the stars. Bessie must stand still while Mary revolves round her in a circle, very slowly indeed. When Mary turns her back to the sun (the candlelight), you will know it is night, and Grace and Dotty and Daisy, the moon and stars, must come out and shine."

"All the little girls clapped their hands. The game went splendidly.

After a while they added more to the game. Mary divided the chalk circle into four parts, and in one Bess scattered bits of paper for winter snow; in another Dotty and Daisy sprinkled red clovers out of mamma's vase for summer days; in the third Grace placed a rosy apple for autumn; and Bridget came with a piece of maple sugar on a plate for spring.

Mary stopped at the close of each season. Bess put down the candle, and they "make believed" some more. When it was the summer season they went to the ocean for a dip and a frolic; when it was winter they went skating and snowshoeing over the hills; in fall they were off on a nutting expedition.

Bridget watched the game with arms crossed, her honest face amazed. "Who would think," she said, "that the old earth was creeping around the sun like that?"—Youth's Companion.

THE CATERPILLAR'S NAP.

One day last fall, when Madge was playing in the garden, what do you think she found? A great, big green caterpillar that seemed fast asleep. Madge was afraid of it, so she called Uncle Ted. He lifted it up on a stick and put it in a pasteboard box and carried it off with him to the attic.

"What did you do that for?" said Madge when he came back.

"The caterpillar is sleepy, and so I have made it a bed, and by and by it will weave itself a blanket," he said.

"Oh, uncle! Can it, really? How can a caterpillar make a blanket?"

"It weaves it, dearie, something as a spider weaves its web. It will take a good while. You must watch and be patient."

Madge went nearly every day to look at the caterpillar, for her uncle had put a piece of glass over the top of the box, and after what seemed to her a long time, one day she saw some fine threads from the creature to the glass. Every day there were more threads, until at last Madge could not see the worm at all.

"He has covered himself all up, uncle. Is the blanket finished now?" she asked.

"Yes, and now the caterpillar will sleep all winter, and when he wakes in the spring I don't believe you will recognize him."

After awhile Uncle Ted went up to the attic and lifted the glass cover off the box and found the cater-